

Press-Herald

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Rodeo Offers a Thrill

Those who like their sports on the rugged side should thrill at the lineup which has been drawn to Torrance for the Sixth Annual Torrance Mounted Police Rodeo held in conjunction with the Rancho Days Celebration this weekend.

Among the 161 professional rodeo contestants meeting Friday's entry deadline were several former national title holders in rodeo events, and some of the nation's leading contenders. All will be looking for a part of the more than \$6,000 available for prizes at the end of today's arena action.

The two-day rodeo will be concluded this afternoon with the finals in the calf-roping, bull riding, bronc riding, and other rodeo events. It's a chance to see some of the top cowboys of America in action.

Those Moon Pictures

Americans have cause this weekend to join in the jubilation shown by scientists at Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena whose Ranger 7 photographs of the moon Friday gave man his closest look at the planet.

The feat is indeed remarkable when one considers that the missile which projected the sophisticated cameras toward the moon had to be guided with almost unfathomable accuracy—traveling about one quarter of a million miles to impact within a 10-mile area on the moon.

The successful Ranger 7 flight and the resulting photographs should go a long way in the direction of building a bridge between the earth and its satellite.

Opinions of Others

It is amazing to pick up a newspaper and see numerous references to "state aid" or "federal aid." That is you and me. When we forget that, we will have surrendered to a centralized government run by a handful of people, and history is full of what happened to such nations—Selmer (Tenn.) Independent.

A group of economists, educators, and writers has come up with a 1964 version of Utopia. In a statement sent to President Johnson it argues that every American should be guaranteed an annual income as a matter of right, whether he works or not. Left unanswered are such questions as how many would be willing to work at all if they didn't have to, and whether workers would be willing to support millions who simply don't want to work. Workers will always be needed, no matter how many machines there are. If millions are to eat without working, there will have to be some way of persuading others to work. On this interesting detail, the committee is silent.

—Findley (Ohio) Republican-Courier

In suits for personal injuries against corporations, juries are prone to find for the plaintiff in most cases, and to award thousands of dollars for even minor mishaps. There are even compilations of the average amounts juries can be expected to award in the various states and these serve as guides in deciding how much to sue for. It's easy to be generous with "other people's money" and it's a surprise to learn—after such awards—that it was really our own money.

—Selma (Ala.) Times-Journal.

Out of the Past

40 Years Ago

The favorite topic of discussion was how to improve Torrance schools. Several residents reported their children had been refused admission to the University of California, and others had taken their children out of the Torrance schools and sent them to Redondo Beach. A large crowd was expected for a meeting on the subject.

Production from the oil wells surrounding Torrance was reported to have peaked at 62,000 barrels per day, with some 12 wells being brought in during a one-week period.

30 Years Ago

The political complexion of Torrance 30 years ago is something to think about. Official registration figures for the city showed 1,576 Republicans, 2,035 Democrats, 17 Socialists, 9 Prohibition party members, and 7 Commonwealth party members. Only 154 persons "declined to state" their party preference. Of interest is the fact that no members of the Communist, Liberty, or Progressive parties were registered.

Plans were being made for the official dedication of Torrance Municipal Park. The Chamber of Commerce, handling arrangements, in-

vited Governor Frank Merriam to speak.

20 Years Ago

The city was stunned by the death of William Gascoigne, superintendent of streets. Gascoigne, who had held the street post from the day Torrance was established, had been described as the "Father of the City."

The drive to get a junior college located somewhere in Torrance picked up some steam with the endorsement of the Harbor District Chambers of Commerce. Alondra Park was being eyed for the site of the proposed college.

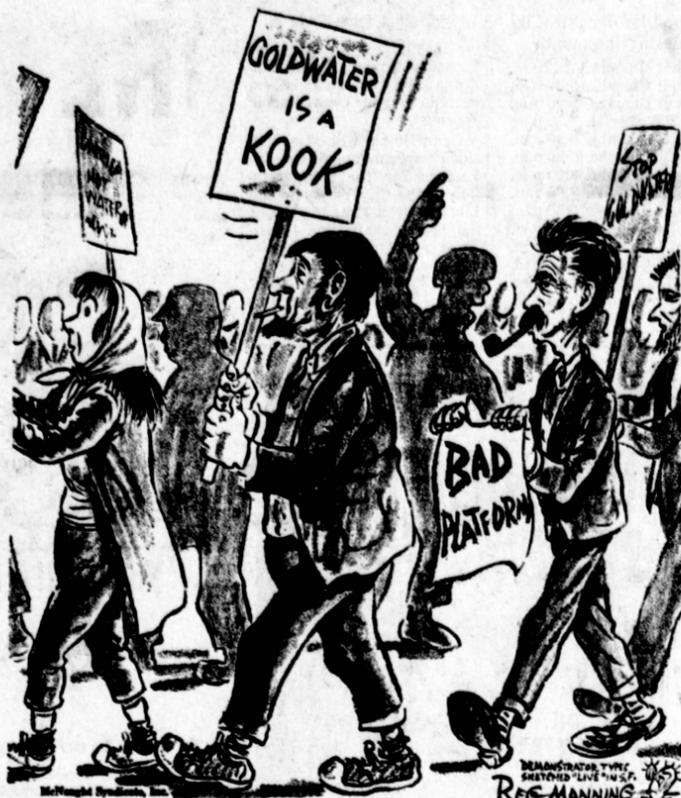
10 Years Ago

Marineland of the Pacific is about to celebrate its 10th anniversary! Opening ceremonies were set for Aug. 28, 1954, as workmen rushed the facility to completion.

Torrance Memorial Hospital received a federal grant of nearly \$191,000 to construct two new wings and surgical units. To receive the money, the hospital association had to come up with about \$400,000.

Finally, city councilmen banned the sale of produce from trucks in Torrance. The action followed a complaint by the County Health Department. The license department said no more licenses would be issued.

Who's Calling Who What?



HERE AND THERE by Royce Brier

Cost of Asian Victory Too High for Americans

Some foes of the Administration, nervous with political turbulence, insistently demand "victory" in Vietnam, but they aren't going to get the kind of victory they have in mind.

The foremost reason for this is that the American people are not prepared to pay the price of total victory, a price incalculable but manifestly dear. The people would pay a pretty penny to get the Southeast Asian monkey off their backs, but that's something else.

In the classic mood of My Dad can lick Your Dad, we can lick everybody in Southeast Asia, and in Asia, too, with ease, or at least without much suffering. Given a little time and a modest application of nuclear weapons, and we can lick creation without much suffering, if you except the Soviet Union.

But the American people are not kids in a schoolyard, we trust, so licking creation, or even its Asiatic segment, is out.

Hence the alternative to

the Unconditional Surrender that General Grant imposed at Fort Donelson, is something conditional, and that we already have, or rather, are pursuing in our usual woolgathering way.

That is, we've been slogging along on the fringe of jungle warfare for years, and there's no sign it will change until everybody grows weary and calls it quits.

National leaders and generals abhor such twilights. Out-of-office politicians cry Get off the Dime! In-office politicians mutter, well now, things are pretty rugged, but We Will Win! Generals just mutter, and wish to hell they were sitting with a bourbon on the rocks on some country club veranda in Virginia, where peace is civilized and has some finality.

Three Presidents have undergone the We Will Win syndrome in the Southeast Asia mess. President Johnson and his men are only saying what they must say to get through a tolerable week. Meanwhile, Viet Cong cracks along.

The President, the Defense Secretary, and the Secretary of State cannot give us a blueprint for victory in Vietnam, and if we're objective and not just politically disturbed, we can't ask it of them. It isn't on the drawing board.

Four times Mr. McNamara has dashed off to Saigon, and ambassadors and generals come and go, and all say we'll win, but they do not reveal the exact shape of victory the free world will achieve there. Many on the site, and qualified to say, deny the exact shape of victory is visible, and by the summer of 1964 this seems fairly convincing.

Recently U Thant proposed reconvening the 1954 Geneva convention and trying for negotiation. The United States opposed it, asking with shining logic, why a new convention when the old one is being violated? But history does not always conform to shining logic, and U Thant, an Asian, may perceive that more clearly than do we.

BOOKS by William Hogan

Patrick Dennis Pleases With Satire on Politics

All it needs is Sid Caesar, and you have a louder, funnier follow-up to the musical version of "Little Me." It is a political spoof and mock-memoir by Patrick Dennis—or by Martha Dinwiddie Butterfield, as told to Patrick Dennis: "First Lady: My Thirty Days Upstairs in the White House."

I have never been a champion of Patrick Dennis' cocky, vulgar, mischievous literary style, even in the era of "Auntie Mame." Even his original "Little Me" was something less than the inventive opera bouffe that his publisher's sales charts suggested. But "First Lady" is a successful, broad and extremely funny satire on the distaff side of Big Politics. It proves that literary projects brought off in committee are not always automatic fiascos.

For there are several other talents involved in this charade besides the author. Cris Alexander's photographs, plentiful and comic, feature Peggy Cass, Dody Goodman, Harold Lange, Kaye Ballard and just about a whole musical comedy cast of others in costumes by Guy Kent, period fashions through the courtesy of the Design Laboratory, Brooklyn Museum, and jewelry from Marvella

Pearls, among other credits. The project could be set right now as an opulent, high-grossing Broadway enterprise that, conceivably, could top Sid Caesar's "Little Me" for laughs if the proper show business chemistry is applied.

Fundamentally, these are the secret political and social memoirs of Martha Dinwiddie, a Southern patent medicine heiress who became the Lady Jane Grey of America's First Ladies. This flower of Southern aristocracy recalls it all at 94, from a comfortable perch in a home for the senile and disturbed. She married George Washington Butterfield of the doomed Bullfinch party, perhaps America's most misunderstood statesman. He was said to have ruled fraudulently between March 4, 1909, and the following April when, most happily, he expired before impeachment papers were drawn up.

Well, you get the idea. If you stretch your imagination, this might be a sly comment on the Harding Administration. But "First Lady" does not call for much stretching of the imagination. It is unsubtle, outrageous and designed

strictly for laughs. If deeper social and political satire, or parody is here, it is up to the individual reader to find it.

First Lady: My Thirty Days Upstairs in the White House. By Martha Dinwiddie Butterfield. As told to Patrick Dennis. Morrow; 283 pp.; illus. \$6.95.

A hard-cover addition to the JFK literature: "The Kennedy Wit," compiled and edited by the newspaper and magazine columnist, Bill Adler (Citadel; \$3). Item: "There is no city in the United States in which I get a warmer welcome and less votes than Columbus, Ohio." And this, at a White House dinner honoring Nobel Prize-winners: "I think this is the most extraordinary collection of talent, of human knowledge, that has ever been gathered together at the White House—with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone."

The Old timer



TRAVEL by Stan Delaplaine

Flying Machines Fast; Train Still Very Good

"We would like your opinion of train vs. plane on our trip through Europe. We are in our sixties. In good health though my wife must use a cane."

Plane gets you between cities faster. But they bypass the countryside. Also, I like the more leisurely pace of train travel. European trains are excellent and not expensive.

One problem: You have changes of trains sometimes at borders or transfer points. While porters will put bags aboard for you, they won't come on and get them off—you have to heave them through a window to the platform. It might be a problem for a person with a cane to negotiate from compartment to dining car. (I usually buy a couple of sandwiches and a bottle of wine at the station and have lunch in the compartment. You could do that.)

The comfort of plane travel is there's usually no movement. Easy to walk around. Lunch is brought to your seat. And airlines arrange wheel chairs if you want them.

"Is it cheaper to buy watches, music boxes etc. at Shannon airport than in the countries where they are made? Our last stop is Shannon."

Probably the same price. And more selection in the countries where they are made. Besides, the Shannon stop is only an hour. Shannon is excellent for buying if (1) you are staying overnight for the \$20-tour-plus-dinner at Bunratty Castle; (2) for quick buying on the one hour stopover—the things made in countries you didn't get to; (3) for your tax free gallon of liquor. (They don't weigh it in as excess baggage at Shannon.)

"My husband is on business in Rome in December. After that we'd like to find a warm place with a beach on our way home..."

Usually warm on southern coast of Spain. The Costa del Sol around Malaga. Why not look into your return ticket possibilities? For about \$16 you can route yourself to New York via Barbados or Puerto Rico. I am pretty sure Californians can route themselves home via Mexico free.

When buying air tickets ALWAYS look into these possibilities: Seasonal rates and excursion tickets. (Sometimes these are just about to start. A week's change in plans saves you a lot of money.) Family plan rates. And check all the ways you can return with extra stops.

Air France has a good

Quote

Can world peace ever exist when a whim of a single man can totally reverse the policy of an entire nation? —M. R. Ester on DeGaulle.

The Great White Father gives only after he has taken—George C. McNutt, Oakland, on federal aid.

It is time we quit believing that the roads were made for you.—Pat Coil, Whittier.

I've got no comment whatever for the press. This is for the lawyers.—James R. Hoffa in Chicago after being found guilty of conspiracy to divert union funds through fraudulent loan applications.

Strength for These Days

(From The Bible) He looked steadfastly, and was restored, and saw all things clearly.—(Mark 8:25).

If we but dedicate ourselves to God we will be blessed by the perfect, strong vision that will enable us to see the truth and the beauty of all things clearly and distinctly.

booklet called "You and Travel Savings." It's free. Ask Norman Reader, Air France, 683 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

"How much money can we take into Tahiti?"

The French are generous about this. Take all you want. Take a million dollars. However, take it in small travelers' checks. And cash into Pacific francs only as needed. Hard to get back into dollars and nobody else will change Pacific francs for you.

"From the Olympics in Japan we go to Hong Kong and Singapore. Which is better for shopping?"

Singapore has lower prices. Hong Kong has the larger selections.

"...retirement on \$200 a month in Mexico if possible?"

I've been getting quite a bit of volunteer mail on this. About half and half—half that you can retire comfortably on \$200, half that you should have \$300 to \$500. Around Lake Chapala seems to be cheapest. Obviously you can do it for \$200 because people ARE doing it. Question is whether YOU would be content on the living which requires using Mexican products and holding back on the imported things.

The way to figure retirement is to take a very temporary trip and see how the place fits you. Have a return ticket and don't move the furniture. Yet.

Our Man Hoppe

Cocktail Party Givers Praised

By Arthur Hoppe

Let us pause today to pay tribute to the unsung heroines of politics who toil anonymously for this cause or that without hope of personal reward. Like that new do-good political action group, "The President's Ladies," which gives cocktail parties.

After all, somebody in politics has to perform the drudgery of giving the cocktail parties. And it makes your heart swell to see the fervor with which this small band of dedicated ladies, volunteers all, has thrown itself into this thankless task.

Take the one they gave the other evening in a Penthouse atop the Hilton Hotel in San Francisco. As at any political cocktail party, half a hundred local politicians, ace newsmen and other free-loaders were milling about, mainly between the bar and the caviar canapes. But shining forth here and there in the throng like angels of mercy were the President's Ladies, garbed in their white uniforms—floppy-brimmed white hats with the initials "LBJ" embroidered over their hearts.

"We're nonpartisan," said the founder, Mrs. Diana Murphy of Los Angeles, who reminds you a little of Carry Nation. Except she's blonde, tanned, charming and beautiful.

"They," she said mysteriously, "asked me if I would do something for our President. But it involved a dog act and some actresses. I said no, I wanted to do something with dignity. So we organized The President's Ladies. Each of us buys her own uniform and we chip in to give swank parties. It's got lots of snob appeal."

And what was the occasion for this party? "Oh," she said, "this party is to honor the founding of our San Francisco Chapter. They'll give the parties up here."

I said it was good to see such a worthy cause spreading like wildfire. "Well," said Mrs. Murphy, "we don't have any ambitions to go national. Actually, I'm not sure yet what he President will do with us. But we're also going to greet him personally when he comes to California."

And what would she say to our President in welcome? "Hello," she said.

"Of course," she said, "we're not actually campaigning for him yet. We're just getting ready in case he's nominated." I said that didn't sound as though the group was very nonpartisan. "Shhh," she said, looking around. "Most of our husbands are Republicans."

Well, I said, helping myself to a shrimp sandwich and another gin and tonic, it was ennobling to meet busy ladies who could find time to carry out these necessary chores of American politics. "Somebody," she said modestly, "has to do it."

After four hours of standing around smoking, sipping and chatting, the good ladies launched a Get Out the Drunks Drive and retired to their rooms in order, I assume, to soak their feet.

So hats off, I say, to The President's Ladies and the splendid job they are doing behind the scenes. For what would American politics be like without someone to give the cocktail parties? As any newsman will tell you, it's a sobering thought.

Morning Report:

Who's "morally offensive" these days? I'd say offhand everybody is to somebody in this big land of ours.

That's why very little mail will ever get through if this new bill that whooped through the House of Representatives makes it in the Senate. It provides that anybody who feels he is getting "morally offensive" mail can get the Government to stop it.

I'm already making up my list of people who will be barred from clogging my mail box. On the top of the page are all my leaders in Congress who regularly send me copies of their speeches—printed at Government expense. Because waste is immoral and I am offended.

Abe Mellinkoff